

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

F. W. KELSEY, President A. A. STANLEY, Director

CHORAL UNION SERIES 1906-1907

EIGHTEENTH SEASON

FIFTH CONCERT

No. CLV COMPLETE SERIES

Song Recital

UNIVERSITY HALL, TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1907
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

EMILIO DE GOGORZA, BARITONE

MISS MINNIE M. DAVIS, Accompanist

PROGRAM

CARO MIO BEN,	GIORDIANI
ADIEU, CHÈRE LOUISE,	MONSIGNY
THE PRETTY CREATURE,	STORAGE
THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER,	GORING THOMAS
DRINK TO ME ONLY,	OLD ENGLISH
MOTHER O' MINE,	TOURS
THE LARK NOW LEAVES ITS WAT'RY NEST,	PARKER
PROLOGUE FROM "PAGLIACCI"	LEONCAVALLO
LENZ,	HILDACH
ES BLINKT DER THAU,	RUBINSTEIN
CAECILIE,	STRAUSS
ARIOSO "ROI DE LAHORE,"	MASSENET
LE MARRIAGE DES ROSES,	FRANCK
LE PLONGEUR,	WIDOR
LA PARTIDA, }	ALVARES
CANTO DEL PRESIDARIO, }	
EL CELOSO, }	

The Piano used is a Steinway

THE NEXT CONCERT IN THE CHORAL UNION SERIES WILL BE THE

First May Festival Concert

M A Y 8 , 1 9 0 7

TEXT OF PROGRAM

Caro Mio Ben (1737)

Giordiani

Dearest believe, when'er we part;
Lonely I grieve in my sad heart,
Thy faithful slave languishing sighs;
Haste then and save him ere he dies.

Adieu, Chère Louise, . . . *Monsigny*

Farewell, dearest Louisa dear, farewell!
My life was yours alone, it is lost, be
contented!

My last desire I tell.

Oh, you poor thing! How your heart
is tormented.

Why can one never die of love, sorrow,
and woe?

I would be at your feet

Some day, should heaven deign.

Now my tears will begin to flow!

My friends make an end of my pain,

Let me die like a man, and let us leave
this hell.

Farewell, dearest Louisa, Louisa dear,
Farewell!

The Pretty Creature, . . . *Storace*

Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

When I next do meet her,

No more like a clown

Will I face her frown.

But gallantly will I treat her.

Oh! the pretty, pretty creature.

But then her wicked, charming eyes,
When she looks up, show kind surprise;
I, like an awkward, foolish clown,
When she looks up must needs look
down;

Oh! the pretty, pretty creature! etc.

Despair gives courage oft to men,
And if she smiles, why then, why then,
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature! etc.

The Viking's Daughter, . . .

Goring Thomas

It was a Viking's daughter,
As fair, as fair could be,
Sat wond'ring at the water
Beside the summer sea.
But as she fell to sleeping
The white waves crept around,
And bore her in their keeping
Beneath the surging sound.
In vain her lover sought her
Along the weary shore;
There lies the Viking's daughter
Asleep for ever more.

Drink to Me Only, . . .

Old English

Drink to me only with thine eyes and I
will pledge with mine,

Or leave a kiss within the cup and I'll
not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
doth ask a drink divine,

But might I of Love's nectar sip I
would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath not so
much hon'ring thee,

As giving it a hope that it could not
withered be.

But thou thereon did'st only breathe
and sent'st it back to me;

Since when it grows and smells, I swear
not of itself, but thee.

Mother O' Mine, (Rudyard Kipling)

Tours

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
 Mother O' Mine,
I know whose love would follow me
 still,
 Mother O' Mine.
If I were drown'd in the deepest sea,
 Mother O' Mine,

I know whose tears would come down
 to me,
 Mother O' Mine.
If I were damn'd of body and soul,
 Mother O' Mine,
I know whose pray'rs would make me
 whole,
 Mother O' Mine.

The Lark Now Leaves its Wat'ry Nest,

Parker

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes your window for the east,
 And to implore your light he sings:
Awake! awake! the moon will never
 rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your
 eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's
 star;
 The ploughman from the sun his
 season takes.
But still the lover wonders what they
 are
 Who look for day before his mistress
 wakes.
Awake! awake! break through your veil
 of lawn;
Then draw your curtains and begin the
 dawn.

Prologue from "Pagliacci,"

Leoncavallo

A word allow me! sweet ladies and
 gentlemen,
I pray you hear, why alone I appear **
 I am the Prologue!
Our author loves the custom of a pro-
 logue to his story
And as he would revive for you the
 ancient glory
He send me to speak before ye!
But not to prate, as once of old,
That the tears of the actor are false,
 unreal!
That his sighs and cries, and the pain
 that is told,
He has no heart to feel!
No! no! our author tonight a chapter
 will borrow from life
With its laughter and sorrow!
Is not the actor a man with a heart like
 you?
So 'tis for men that our author has
 written,
And the story he tells is true!
A song of tender mem'ries,

Deep in his list'ning heart one day was
 ringing;
And then with a trembling hand he
 wrote it,
And he marked—the time—with sighs
 and tears.
 Come then,
Here on the stage you shall behold us
 in human fashion,
And see the sad fruits of love and
 passion,
Hearts that weep and languish,
Cries of rage and anguish, and bitter
 laughter!
Ah think then, sweet people,
Clad in our motley tinsel,
Ours are human hearts, beating with
 passion,
For we are but men like you,
 For gladness or sorrow.
'Tis the same broad heaven above us,
The same wide lonely world before us!
Will ye hear then, the story?
How it unfolds itself surely and certain?
Come then! ring up the curtain.

Lenz,

Hildach

The finch is winging, the spring is here,
No sign with her bringing how she drew
near.
Came, softly going through the night
And lo! all is glowing in splendor
bright;
Glad fountains are welling mid waving
dew,
The green buds swelling,
The heaven is blue;
Swing bells, merry ringing, far and
near,
All joyously singing:
Fair Spring is here.

Es Blinkt der Thau,

Rubinstein

Each leaf doth sparkle with dew drops
of night,
The moon passes o'er us in silv'ry light;
The nightingales sing in the cover.
A magical gleam floateth o'er the field,
Her full perfume sweet Spring doth now
yield,
While we two are blest in each other.

O Spring how art thou so ever fair?
In the tumult of joy without a care,
O, the first, first kiss 'neath the pale
moon's beam,
On my arm, my own trembling maid
ever.
And full belief in the treacherous dream,
That it might remain thus forever.

Caecilie,

Strauss

If you but knew, sweet, what 'tis to
dream of fond burning kisses, of wand'-
ring and resting with the belov'd one;
gazing fondly, caressing and whispering,
could I but tell you your heart would
assent.

If you but knew, sweet, the anguish of
waking through nights long and lonely
and rocked by the storm when none is
near to see thee and comfort the strife-
weary spirit, could I but tell you, you'd
come, sweet, to me.

If you but knew, sweet, what loving
is in the creative breast of God, Lord
and Maker, to hover, upborne on dove-
like pinions to regions of light. If you
but knew it, could I but tell you, you'd
dwell, sweet, with me.

"O Promise of a Joy Divine," (Arioso from "Roi de Lahore")

Massenet

The troops of the Sultan who gladly
would have risen
From us, fair Lahore, by our own might
have from the field been driven.
As if by hand unseen they had been
driven out,
Their swift flight from the desert
resembleth a rout.

From care my people free
Loudly sound forth my praises;
This calm my heart upraises,
I yet may happy be.

O promise of a joy divine,
Sita, thou dream of all my life
O beauty torn from me by strife
At last, at last thou shalt be mine!

O Sita! O fair one charm my loving
heart,
And ne'er again from me depart!
And ne'er again from me depart!

Come Sita! thy love for me rewarding,
A crown to thee I am according,
O Sita! I wait for thee!
O Sita! I wait for thee!
Sita! Sita! my queen thou shalt be.

Ah! Sita, O come delight this heart.
To thee the world its glory offers,
To thee a King! his crown now proffers,
Come Sita, O come, ah! be mine.
Come Sita! be mine!

Le Mariage Des Roses,

Franck

Beloved, know'st thou Love sweet,
The marriage of roses?
A union full and complete!
Tender speech discloses.
Loving thought as softly bright
Each fair eyelid encloses!
Beloved, know'st thou, how sweet
The marriage of the roses?
This they say: O let us love,
So soon life is ending!
Then with fonder kiss of love
Our souls shall be blending!
While in prayer to Heaven above
With hope man is bending:
Sisters, let us only love!
So soon life is ending!

My love, oh hearken to me,
Such love must we cherish.
Lo! Spring-time cometh to thee,
And the swallows, seeing
How love reigns alone and free
In their faithful dwelling.
Oh, my queen follow thy king,
Such love must we cherish,
What is life where love is not,
On earth what remaineth.
Dull and narrow is our lot,
Night's mystery reigneth.
Only love in one bright spot
Her beacon retaineth.
What is life where love is not,
On earth what remaineth?

From the depths of brooding ocean, the
diver
Cried to me from surging billows
beneath:
"For your Mary this rare pearl I will
give you."
Many thanks, but I've thirty-two, her
teeth!
Yester night the stars were sailing in
starlight,
And a gipsy king said pointing to the
skies:
"Give her me and choose two stars from
the heavens."
I said: "I now have the brightest: her
eyes!"
She can charm the stones, the grass, all
nature,
Said the guardian of the heavens
above,
"Take the paradise!" I said to Saint
Peter,
"I've a paradise of my own: her love."
"You do well, such skies are not to be
envied,"
With a smile the devil said, "You do
well,"
Rather live below! Alas! "I have found
Since jealousy stings, my life is a
hell."

La Partida

Alvarez

Canto del Presidiario

Alvarez

Sierras of Granada,
Mountains of Aragon,
Fields of my country
Good-bye forever!
To exile and constant absence
I am condemned by the tyrant love,
These eyes, avenues of thy soul,
Messengers, alas, of a treacherous heart.
Oh! when to thy shores I shall return
adored fatherland,
The waters of forgetfulness will have
healed my wounds,
And if it does not happen thus, my only
hope is in death.

Ay! del Ay! que al alma llega;
Por matar á una mujer
Me cogió la ultima pena.
Me cambia el Rey la condena,
Y comienza el padecer
Amarrado á la cadena.
Ay! del Ay! que al alma llega.
Camposanto de Jérez,
Si ella en ti resucitara
Y á mí me soltase el juez,
La mataría otra vez
Antes de verle la cara.
Ay! del Ay! qué negra el alma
Del que mata á una mujer.

I have in my heart a little insect, and I
 have it incessantly.
 A little insect who wants to devour me.
 The sorrow that is filling me, you can
 know
 It is that little insect, jealousy, caused
 by my loving you.
 Tell me, little one, tell me, I beg,
 How can I cure this pain?
 For when I do not see thee it hurts still
 more.
 And, dear one, I do not know, what
 I feel.

Alone I pass the hours, alone with my
 sorrow,
 Thinking if thy love will be treacherous,
 And the pain of jealousy hidden in my
 heart
 Doubles my sorrow and tells me it is
 for thee.
 Tell me, dear one, etc.

"Largo al Factotum," (Barber of Seville)

Rossini

I'm the factotum of the town!
 Make way! la la la la la la la la!
 Quick now to business, morning has
 shown, this day!
 La la la la la la la la!
 Ah, 'tis a charming life, brimful of
 pleasure,
 That of a barber, used to high life!
 No one can vie with the brilliant Figaro,
 no one!
 La la la la la la la la!
 Always in luck where good fortune is
 rife, well done!
 La la la la la la la la!
 Early and late for all who require me,
 Nothing can tire me, ready for all.
 Of all the professions that can be men-
 tioned,
 That of a barber is best of them all!
 La la la la la la la la!
 Scissors in hand, 'mongst my combs
 and razors,
 I stand at the door when customers call;
 Then there are cases quite diplomatic,
 Here damsel sighing, there swain
 ecstatic,
 Le ran la la la la la la la!

I am in such request
 Nor night nor day I've rest,
 Old men and maidens, matrons and
 gallants.
 "Have you my wig there?"
 "Quick here and shave me!"
 "I've got a headache!"
 "Run with this letter!"
 I am in such request
 Nor night nor day I've rest.
 "Have you my wig there?" etc.
 Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro,
 Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro.
 No more! No more! This clamor I'll
 bear
 No longer! For pity's sake speak one at
 a time!
 Figaro! I'm here; Figaro, there; Figaro,
 high; Figaro, low;
 Figaro, come; Figaro, go!
 I'm indispensable, irresponsible,
 I'm the factotum of all the town.
 Ah, bravo, Figaro, bravissimo, ah bravo,
 Thou art a favorite of fortune,
 Art a barber of wide renown;
 I'm the factotum of all the town.

ARTISTS AND ORGANIZATIONS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY	Soprano	SIG. GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI	Baritone
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK	Contralto	MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND	Baritone
MISS JANET SPENCER	Contralto	MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON	Bass
MR. EDWARD JOHNSON	Tenor	MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD	Pianist
MR. THEODORE VAN YORK	Tenor	MR. LEOPOLD KRAMER	Violinist

THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA THE CHORAL UNION

MR. FREDERICK A. STOCK, MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductors

PROGRAM OF CONCERTS

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 8, 8:00 o'clock

SOLOISTS

MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, Bass.
MR. LEOPOLD KRAMER, Violin.

Overture, "Tannhäuser" Wagner
a. Madrigal Florida
b. "Air du Tambour-major" Thomas
 "An Afternoon of a Faun" Claude Debussy
 Concerto No. 2, D Minor, Op. 44 Bruch
Adagio ma non troppo; Recit.-Finale
 Scenes de Ballet, Op. 52 Glasounow
 "Wotan's Farewell," and "Magic Fire" Wagner

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 9, 8:00 o'clock

The "MESSIAH" Händel
 An Oratorio in Three Parts.

SOLOISTS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY Soprano
 MISS JANET SPENCER Contralto
 MR. EDWARD JOHNSON Tenor
 MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND Bass
 The Choral Union.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 10, 2:30 o'clock

SOLOISTS

MISS JANET SPENCER, Contralto.
MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD, Pianist.

Overture, "Genoveva" Schumann
 "Sea Pictures" Elgar
 Concerto, for Pianoforte, No. 4, D Minor,
 Op. 70 Rubinstein
Moderato; Moderato assai; Allegro
 Symphony, No. 7, A Major, Op. 92 Beethoven
Poco sostenuto-vivace: Allegretto: Presto: Allegro con brio

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 10, 8:00 o'clock

SOLOISTS

MRS. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, Soprano.
MISS JANET SPENCER, Contralto.
MR. EDWARD JOHNSON, Tenor.
MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON, Bass.

Overture, "In the South" Elgar
 Aria from "La Bohème" Puccini
 "Ball Scene," from "Romeo and Juliet" Berlioz
 Aria, "Il est doux, il est bon" Massenet
 Symphonic Poem, "On the Moldau" Smetana
 Aria, "Voi che sapete" (Figaro) Mozart
 "On the Shores of Sorrento" R. Strauss
 Quartette, "Rigoletto" Verdi
 Kaisermarsch Wagner

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 11, 7:30

"SAMSON AND DELILAH," An Opera in Three
 Acts Saint-Saëns

CAST

Delilah MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK
 Samson MR. VAN YORK
 High Priest SIG. CAMPANARI
 Abimelech } MR. WITHERSPOON
 Old Hebrew }
 The Messenger MR. KILLEEN
 The Choral Union.

SCHEDULE OF PRICES

Tickets for May Festival (5 concerts) . . . \$3.00
 Single Tickets 1.00
 For Saturday Evening 1.50
 Seats for the Single Concerts are not reserved until
 the day of the Concert.

Reserved Seats for May Festival Series,
 \$2.00 and \$1.00 extra
 Reserved Seats for Single Concerts for
 May Festival Series, 50 and 25 cents

RAILROAD RATES.— One Fare plus 25 cents for Round Trip from all points in Southern Peninsula, good from the evening of May 7th (for such trains as reach Ann Arbor in the morning of the 8th) to May 13th, inclusive.

There are at present a limited number of desirable reserved seats unsold, which will be disposed of to purchasers in the order of application. There will be standing room for several hundred at each concert. Parties desiring to order tickets or reserved seats by mail, will please address (including P. O. Order),

CHARLES A. SINK, A. B., Secretary,
 University School of Music,
 ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

For further information please address the Secretary.